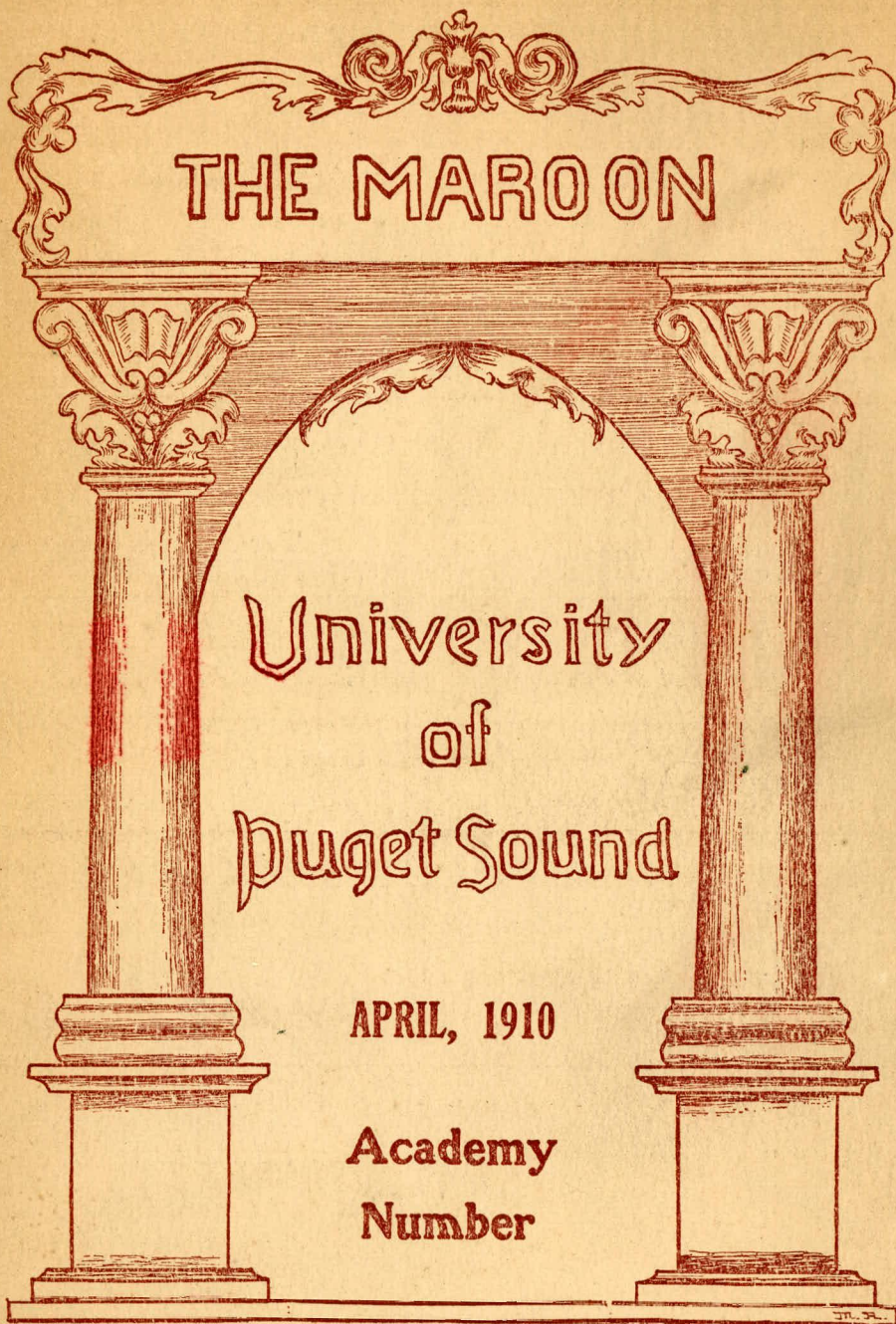


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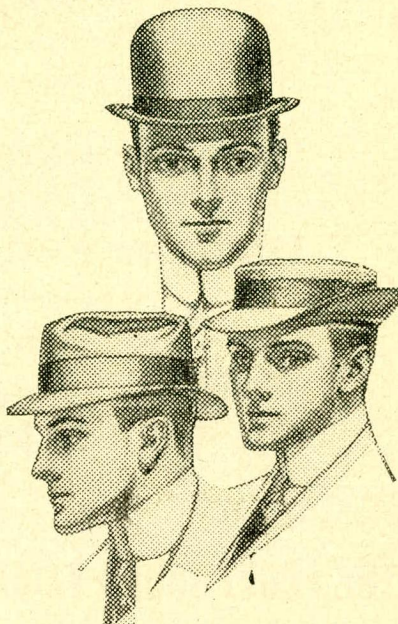
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THE MAROON

Entered a second-class matter January 24, 1906 at the Post Office at Tacoma Washington, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. VII.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, APRIL, 1910.

No. 7

THE CLASS OF 1910

Now that the last year of our Academy career is nearing its close we may turn back for a view of the past, not as we saw it then, but as we see it now. On that momentous day, the 13th of September, 1906, we stood awkwardly about the halls and tried to look like old timers, while the Recording Secretary relieved us of our spare cash. With some fond parents came to supply the needed encouragement, as well as the filthy lucre, although most of us came unaccompanied, bringing our hard-earned pennies to sacrifice at the altar of learning.

From the four corners of the earth we came. The hardy country of Norway sent its sturdy representative, Mr. Olsan, while the Dupertius boys, epitomizing their native Swiss mountains, kept beauty ever before our eyes. And what a variety of states we represented: Illinois, Ohio, South Dakota, Minnesota, Missouri and Iowa. Of our number but five are Washingtonians.

On entering we had but one thing in common, an abundant supply of ignorance. However, a gentle Providence has been kind, and now that our Academy course is completed we are proud to think that we have weathered its storms and will next year be College Freshmen.

As a whole we have been very fortunate, but no more fortunate than the institution, as our many works bear testimony. Where can a stronger bunch of students be found—physically, morally, mentally, socially and otherwise? We only hope that the succeeding classes will be as “four square as we have been.

Re rah, rip rah,
Hoo rah, hoo rah,
We are, we are,
Senior Preps.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fourth years.

FOURTH YEAR ROLL CALL

1. Lewis M. Benbow—“Tiny.” Amphictyon. President Amphictyon Literary Society. “I shall leave large footprints on the sands of time.”

2. Raymond Sumner Bixby—Amphictyon. “I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world.”

3. Grace Carlson—Altrurian. Secretary Fourth Year Class.

“Her air, her manner, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle,
though retired.”

4. Daniel Dupertius—Philomathesian. Board of Control.

“Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil



— Nulli secundus —

Peterson Studio

O'er books consumed the midnight
oil?"

5. John Dupertius — Philomathean. President Fourth Year Class. Treasurer Philomathean Literary Society. "Little, but Oh, my!"

6. Vesta Hostetter — Altrurian. "I pray you, do not fall in love with me."

7. Fannie Kingsbury — Philomathean.

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all
she knew."

8. James Moore —
"Mark the high opinion he cherishes
of his own importance."

9. Edgar Morford — "Pinky."
Amphictyon.

Fond of soft furs, particularly
Be(a)ver.

10. Marguerite Munro — Kappa
Sigma Theta. Treasurer Y. W. C. A.

"Helter skelter,
Hurry, scurry."

11. Florence Patterson — Amphictyon.

"You'd never think this gentle maid
With manner so sweet and quietly
staid

Would have a will that has its way,—
But its true—nevertheless—so folks
all say."

12. June Thomas — Kappa Sigma
Theta. Vice President Fourth Year
Class..

"Thou has no winter in thy year."

13. George Thompson. Philomathean.

"My wife shall stay at home and at-
tend to her business."

"She's modest as any, and blithe as

she's bonnie."

15. Marvin Walters. Philomathean. Poet Laureate Philomathean Literary Society.

14. Frances Town.
"Lifty and solemn thoughts
Are his, clean deeds, and honorable
life."

16. Ralph Weaver. Philomathean. Joke Editor of Maroon.

"A marvelous witty fellow and a gal-
lant leader."

17. Beulah Wright. Philomathean.

"Of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor
clear."

18. Alfred Ableson — "Honest
Abe." Altrurian.

"Every man has his faults, and hon-
esty is his."

TO A WILD PANSY

(Class Poem)

Thou wild pansy, first to uncover thy
tiny head

To see the blue bird make his shy
approach

While yet a crest of snow 's lurking
near by,

By now the frogs have sounded in
the marshes;

My thoughts awake with thee, as
ever in the spring time

I wait your coming, after dreamy
winter

Stalks away with sham'd face, and
weather-beaten form

To make his lair amidst the icebergs
of the northland.

At first how timid, thou messenger

of spring,
 But ere the sun has smiled on the
 bare-cheeked hills
 A thousand dainty blossoms are
 shooting in the glade,
 Heralding Persephone's coming with
 glad gayety,
 Oh, thou first reflection of the blue-
 bosomed sky!
 Coming in such attire, but to grace
 the cold, rough earth
 A score of days, and give first thanks
 to nature's God
 Then droop and die alone, I sing to
 thee, wild Pansy.

How like this glad company assem-

bled here, but four short win-
 ters
 In learning's quest, when but the
 flush of early spring
 Is passed, we've played our part, and
 leave our pleasant seat,
 Nor ever know midsummer's sun of
 college life;
 Yet sweet Pansy if thou couldst
 sound the first note of spring
 Half unheard, yet were perfect in
 form, and rich in grace
 As the arching blue that gives thee
 color and repose;
 Gladly we leave our imperfect work
 to nimbler hands.

Marvin Walters.



THIRD YEAR NOTES

Mr. Christensen and his "Carr"
 are often seen in these days of much
 traffic.

Mr. Benadom is still looking for-
 ward to "June."

Prof. Davis: "They say that black
 hair denotes intellect; light hair—
 good nature and easy-to-get-along-
 with."

Paul H.: "What does 'red hair'
 denote?"

Miss Harriet's motto (not a phil-
 osophical one), whatever your
 trouble, take it to "Hart."

Much to the regret of the M. A. P.
 L. E. S. we must lose our faithful
 and devoted President, Daniel Du-
 pertius, owing to the fact that he will

graduate with the class of '10. He
 has directed the action of the class
 for a year and a half. Andy Klebe,
 the Vice President, will take up the
 work where the former President
 has left it, and though we lose a val-
 uable member which the class of '10
 will gain, we have no doubt that his
 successor is competent to fill his
 place.

The M. A. P. L. E. S. wholly and
 individually, regret very much the
 loss of one of highest esteem among
 us, our Vice President, Miss Edna
 Elder, who has left the University to
 take up work at the Ellensburg Nor-
 mal. Her work there is very differ-
 ent from what it was here, and from
 all reports she is enjoying it. As a

class we wish her the best of success.

One of the most enjoyable social functions of the season was the class party given March 7 at the home of Clyde Benadom by the M. A. P. L. E. S. to the class of '10. About thirty-five persons attended and had a very enjoyable time. One of the special features of the evening was "Spoonology," indulged in with the same zeal that is usually exhibited by these classes when studying the other "ologies."

St. Patrisk's Day was celebrated by the M. A. P. L. E. S. by the planting of their class tree on the southeast corner of the compas, where in years to come it will afford shelter to all who pass beneath its shade. Among the especial features of this ceremony was the dedication speech by our President, the class prophecy and Tree Reminiscence. Together with the class songs and yells this comprised the ceremony.

In the Declamatory Contest, held the evening of the 18th of March, our class was ably represented by Daniel Dupertius and Mabel Swanson, who spoke respectively: "The Defense of the Bride," and "College Oil ———," Daniel Dupertius and Ruth Carr tying for second prize. We were all proud of the contestants who upheld the baby blue and white.

Not only are the M. A. P. L. E. S. foremost in social and intellectual lines but athletics are not neglected.

After the third years had posted a challenge on the bulletin board to any College or Academy class basketball teams two teams answered their challenge. The Commercial Students Team and the A. C. Freshies.

The Commercials were the first ones to play the Third Years. They were outclassed and easily defeated. Chester, of the Commercials, was their stronghold, while Graham made about half of the Third Year's points. The final score was 41 to 11.

Commercial — Emerson, captain, center; Grill, guard; Chester, forward.

Academy—Graham, captain, center; Hart and Christensen, guards; Hostetter and Robbins, forwards.

The next team to accept the Third Year's challenge was the Freshies, and the teams met, and a very interesting game was played, and where the Third Years again showed their class by defeating the Freshies by a score of 21 to 9.

Bugge made most of the Freshies' points, while Graham again made about half the points for the Juniors.

Freshies—Wilton, center; Mulford and Mitchell, guards; Bugge, (Capt.) and Sonomon, forwards.

Juniors—Graham, captain, center; Hart and Christensen, guards; Hostetter and Robbins, forwards.



CLASS OF 1911

In September, 1906, the Third Year class, "The Infants," were born. It was a precocious class indeed. They were really and truly infants that morning when they lead chapel. It was such a large family that the baby clothes would not go around, so they were divided, but caps and supplies were generally supplied. The smallest of the infants was Maurice Cummings; he was still in his chair. When chapel was over, they were given permission to learn ahead of the rest, as they left the building the naughty second year Preps attempted to take the small white caps, (taking candy from a baby) but they soon realized that these were no ordinary babies. The whole Academy was soon involved in the scrap. For twenty minutes the battle raged fiercely. Then it subsided. When the smoke had cleared away there stood the "Infants," holding the field, having completely vanquished the second year Preps, the present fourth years. The full account may be found in the Daily News.

The class President was Mr. Iverson. In literary accomplishments they did their share, Mr. Daniel Dupertius winning the local and state Intercollegiate prohibition oratorical contest, going as the state representative to San Jose, Cal. Mr. Dupertius also won the academic declamatory contest and was the representative at the contest in Seattle.

The class entered upon their second year with more seriousness, hav-

ing somewhat outgrown their swaddling clothes. Mr. Daniel Dupertius was chosen President, Miss Field Miller Vice President, and Walter Johnson Secretary. They were again well represented in the contests, Miss Hazel Allen winning first place in the declamatory contest, and Daniel Dupertius and Roger Elder being on the Interscholastic Debating Team, our team winning the debates with Whitworth. At the close of the school year they had their picnic at Lemon's Beach, during which they took a boat ride which they will never forget.

The third year has found them back again, but they have lost half of their original number. They are growing older and will soon put on the dignified mantle of old age Seniors.

The officers of the class this year are Mr. Daniel Dupertius, President; Miss Edna Elder, Vice President, and Miss Hazel Allen, Secretary.

Our Picnic at Lemon's Beach. A Warning

It was one of those changeable spring days, a day that might be bright and sunny one moment and the next dark and stormy.

The air coming across the water and through the great woods, seemed to fill us with new life and vigor.

It was near three o'clock on that afternoon as we stood there on the pebbled beach, gazing wistfully out over the still waters of the Narrows. An irresistible temptation came over

us to take the two boats there by our side, and take a little ride. It was a temptation we could not resist and soon the boats were lowered and we climbed one and all into these two small boats, (four of our number, with our jolly gentleman chaperon, had already gone for a ride in the third boat, and were out in mid-channel.) We were soon gently gliding away from land. Our purpose at first was to row along close to the shore, but no sooner had we started till one of our number suggested to race across the channel, a distance of about a mile. It needed but the suggestion and we were off. A race that will forever remain, vivid upon our minds. There were four oars to each boat, one young man to each oar; there were also three girls to each boat, one in the fore and two in the stern. We entered the race in earnest, every back bowed, every muscle stood out as we bent to and fro, our little boats fairly shooting through the water. We were about half way across when signs of an approaching storm were noticed. Dark clouds gathered in the heavens, the air grew denser, something seemed to tell us danger was fast approaching.

It was no more a race of pleasure, but a race for life, a race against death. Every ounce of muscle we now transferred to our oars, steadily, swiftly, surely, our boat was reaching the shore of safety. The storm broke upon us, the sea was lashed to fury, the white caps grew to billows. We, unmindful of everything, with

our minds on the oars, pulled for the shore with all our might and main. Our boat was leaking, she was filling, the wave caps were coming over the sides, can we hold out? The girls try to bail; impossible, for the oars plying back and forth. We can't hold out much longer. Oh! Oh! a big white cap dropped itself in our laps, we look! there! thank God, we are safe. There, within a few yards, is the shore. We think of the other boat, our opponent in the race, we look, behold a waving of hands, not frantic, calm and composed. It might have been thought a salute, but we knew their danger. They were out some two hundred yards, they were fighting for life in the seething billows.

We landed as soon as we possibly could and two of our boys started to the rescue with our boat. It was hard for us to remain on the shore and watch our friends in such awful danger. We were soon subjected to a sight that almost turns a human mortal to premature old age, a sight that fills a soul with unspeakable anguish, a feeling of suffering that words cannot describe. We saw the boat with all on board go down beneath the treacherous waves. Oh, God! help them! was the prayer on our lips. The girls on shore wrung their hands and almost tore them in their anguish. We, safe from harm, would ten thousand times rather have been out in the whirling waves, battling for life than to have been on the shore, compelled to see our friends drowning and utterly help-

less to aid them. Soon our hopes were raised when a man with another boat appeared and started to the rescue. This man, by an act of Providence, rowed over in the morning. One of the boys got in the boat with him and soon they were also going to the rescue. It seemed an age for the boats to arrive. In the meantime the third boat containing our chap-eron and the four students had come to the rescue and had taken into their boat one of the girls, just before the boat went down. One of the four boys, deliberately jumping overboard into the foaming sea to make room for her. Just before jumping he remarked, "If anyone is to drown it might as well be me."

The first boat from the shore arrived just in time as the students were hanging to the edge of the one boat and it was in a dangerous position.

When the second rescue boat from the shore came, things were in a safer condition. Several, who were yet clinging to the boats with their bodies in the water, were soon lifted

into the boats. One of the boys, while still in the water was still able to see the funny side, reaching into his pocket pulled out a wet ear transfer and asked whether his transfer was still good to Tacoma or not.

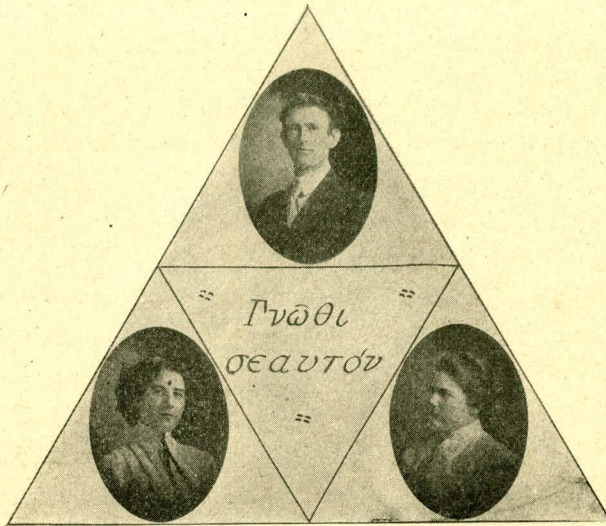
Every one counted and recounted the number, as slowly and steadily we rowed to the shore. All answered present, all were saved. The storm had calmed and the rain was falling as we as we landed on the shore. It was a glad reunion. A silent prayer from every lip went up to God in thanksgiving. If ever a miracle was performed this was one.

Some good people on the island opened their home to the girls, where they dried their clothes and rested, while the boys dried out in a good old fisherman's cabin. In the evening a launch happened by, which we got to take us back across to our camp.

We were wiser and better for our experience. I will vouch that there never was a happier class on this earth than we were that evening.

Class Historian.





JUNIOR ORATORY

Six gallant students, fresh from vacation's recreation and full of enthusiasm, began the assault upon the tedious details and strenuous practice of this art which is the means of expressing the beauties of nature and of the souls of men to our fellow-men. Fresh were they? Yes indeed! Very fresh and green indeed, as patient Prof. Knox could tell you, if he would.

With good cheer and hard work the class was happy and contented. Soon there was grief, however, when Percy Scott, the pretty boy of the class, found that the many severe duties of his school work demanded to be lightened by the relinquishment of this class. The usual cheer was soon restored, nevertheless, and continued till the semester's work was completed.

On the opening of the second semester, the absence of Mary White's

exuberant spirit was felt by all the members. And Gertrude Horner, last of all, was burdened by her mother's illness so she could not continue the work. Thus only three of the gallant six are left to battle persistently for victory, and though they miss the comrades, yet there is great enjoyment in the work, for who could expect Margaret Monroe to be long sad? She'd smile if she had the mumps. And Mamie Conmey is so interested in her work that the joy of effort is ever with her. Then there is Guy Kennard, so gallant that he can't bear to have quite so good a lesson as his fair comrades. He's happy because—well, what would you expect of the only boy in such a class?

And, last and best, let us tell of the patient and faithful work of Prof. Knox, always smiling, always gentle, and ever anxious to help in work or fun.

GUY KENNARD.



SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

On the evening of March 23 occurred the concert given by the Junior Class of the Piano Department. The program was well received by the large audience which filled the Chapel. The soloists of the evening, Miss Moe and Miss McQueen, were well received and were a credit to themselves and also to the work of the school. The two piano duets by Miss Higgins and Miss Thaden were also creditable numbers. The following is taken from the Tacoma Ledger of March 24:

"The recital given last night by the members of the Class of 1911 of the University of Puget Sound Department of Music, in the University Chapel, proved an artistic success. The young women who took part in the program displayed rare accomplishment and were graciously received by the large audience which

crowded the auditorium. The unique feature of the program was a double piano trio, six young women performing on two pianos. Their rendition of 'Galop Militaire' so decidedly impressed their audience that a second number was called for. The 'Concert Polonaise,' played by the Misses Thaden, Moe, Higgins and McQueen, was of exceptional merit."

Miss Gertrude Horner, of the Vocal Department of the College, sang "Angels' Serenade," by Braga, beautifully and responded with an encore. Mendelssohn's Concerto, Op. 25, was well given by Miss Rouble Holman, accompanied by Miss Lois Todd. The numbers by the University Quartette were well received as was Miss McQueen's rendition of the "Valse," Op. 17, No. 3, by Moszkowski.

The recital was given under the direction of Miss Lois Todd, dean of the School of Music, assisted by Miss Gertrude Horner.

The members of the Class of 1911 are: Miss Florence Higgins, Miss Rouble Holman, Miss Leona McQueen, Miss Elsie Moe and Miss Avis Thaden.

The program was as follows:

Trois Marches Militaire, Op. 51...

..... Schubert

Misses Holman, Higgins, Thaden and McQueen

Grande Marche Triomphale, Op. 62

..... W. Kuhe

Misses Higgins and Thaden

Angel's Serenade (Violin Obligato)

..... Braga

Miss Horner

Miss Rossman, Piano

Mr. Benbow, Violin

Galop Militaire, Op. 117 Mayer

Misses McQueen, Higgins, Holman, Thaden, Moe and Havils

Concerto, Op. 25 Mendelssohn

Miss Rouble Holman

Second Piano, Miss Todd

Nocturne—Love's Dream Liszt

Miss Elsie Moe

There's One That I Love Dearly..

..... F. Kuchen

University Quartette

Miss Elsie Moe, Accompanist

Concert Polonaise Engelmann

Misses Thaden, Moe, Higgins and McQueen

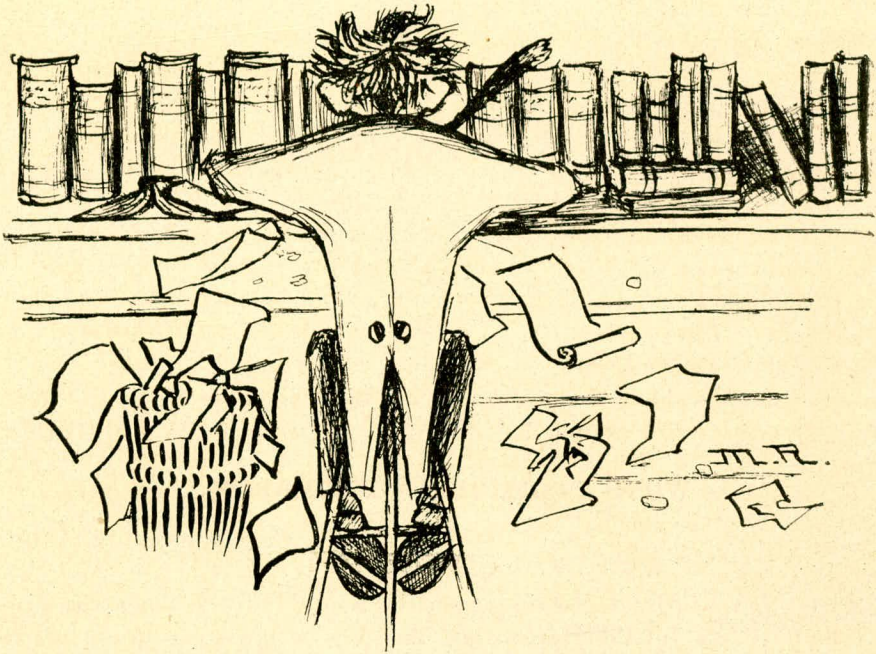
Valse, Op. 17, o. 3 Moszkowski

Miss Leona McQueen

Raymond Overture A. Thomas

Misses McQueen, Holman, Moe and Thaden





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OUR UNIVERSITY

Where the proud Olympics rear their
heads

Crowned with coronets of snow,
Kissed by the sun their mantle sheds
And through the broad valleys
flow.

There in this Western Paradise,
Where beauteous things are found,
'Neath the scintillating Northern
Lights

Is our dear old "Puget Sound."

Strong are the arms of our yeo-
manry,

And the voice of the West hath
said

That our sons might fetter the land
and sea,

With a well-trained hand and head.
So with willing hearts were their
efforts blessed,

All honor to them redound,
Who build in our hearts, and the
heart of the West,

The "University of Puget Sound."
 Firm stands thy walls to guard our
 way,
 O'er mountain, crag and valley
 sod;
 For thy precepts true we give today
 Our thanks to a loving God.
 And while of thee we sing our
 praise,
 Oh school of great renown,
 Our voice to God above, we raise,
 To bless our "Puget Sound."

CHORUS:
 Hail! Hail! Ye winds from the Gol-
 den North,
 And ye Inland Empire see,
 What the hearts and the brawn of
 the West hath built
 As a guiding lamp for thee.
 Unfurl thy folds, ye starry flag,
 Wave the glad tidings 'round;
 That here in the West, that God loves
 best,
 Is the University of Puget Sound.
 W. D. BOYDE.

WORD FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Equique, Chile, March 13, 1910.

Dear University Friends:—

Just a few words of greeting from the Southland. When we received the December issue of the Maroon last Tuesday (you see we do not get the home papers the next day after they are printed) I thot that perhaps this short letter might not be amiss, especially since "ye editor" had been unwise enough to make a request for such a thing. In many ways we had a very pleasant trip down the western coast of the United States, Mexico and South America, although it was much longer than we had anticipated, covering a period of exactly eight weeks. Part of this was caused by missing connections at Panama, where we were compelled to remain a week. Yet this week was not entirely lost for we had an opportunity to visit the canal and take a look at the "big ditch" which your Uncle Sam is digging.

Just a word in passing concerning our work in Panama. We have in the City of Panama a beautiful church, three stories in height, which is used for the following purposes: Basement, which is very well lighted, for school purposes; second story, on the ground level, for church proper where both Spanish and English services are held; upper part is used for the parsonage. It was in this hospitable that we spent our time in Panama. The missionary is Rev. W. W. Gray from the Detroit Conference and is a most capable man, thoroughly consecrated to the work, as is his competent wife. They are assisted by Rev. Ports, who has had many years experience in the Spanish work of South America, some five or six of which was spent in Chile. It is said that he speaks as pure Spanish as anyone in the entire City of Panama. His main work at the present time, is the care of the school, being principal and chief instructor. He also conducts the Spanish services in the

church. Both men are chaplains to the United States Government in the Canal Zone. So each Sunday evening they hold services in at least two of the dozen towns of the Zone. While this work takes them away from the Panamanian work to some extent, it is in nowise hurting that work but is rather a help. The men sent down there by Uncle receive good wages and many of them are earnest Christians, so every year they give hundreds of dollars to the work of the church. Brother Gray is also District Superintendent of the Republic of Panama and is quietly opening up the work in various parts as opportunity offers. The Catholic church is very strong in this place which makes our work very slow, but some day we will be in the ascendency. They became so incensed because the Government of Panama gave to all ministers the right of performing marriage ceremonies that they publicly cursed the Methodist church and all connected with it. It did not seem to hurt us much for we are still doing work here. If space permitted I would say more about this place and the work, but I must hurry on to the South, a distance of nearly 2,400 miles and say some things about Iquique and the work in that place.

We arrived on December 29, glad to be at our journey's end and were met by the Director, one of the teachers, and the pastor of the Spanish M. E. Church, who, I might say, speaks English very fluently. They were very warm and cordial in their greeting and made us feel immediately at home. In fact, we felt so much at home that we have scarcely felt even a twinge of homesickness. We found Iquique to be a city of about 40,000 inhabitants according to the government census. I do not think that it is far from that for it is a city built compactly together. Everything is Spanish in style which means that the houses are built close to the walks, allowing no space to be wasted in front yards. Most of them are small and the families are large (no race suicide in these regions) so that a small place in size will have many people. We were surprised to find the city well supplied with both gas and electric lights, although they are somewhat more expensive than in the States. While there are no electric cars, yet I doubt if there is a city in the States of the same population or double, that is as well supplied with street car service, even though the cars are drawn by small horses. The cars go by about every two minutes and the fare is only 20 cents Chilean money, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ United States. The streets are at least twice as wide as the streets of most of the towns in Latin America, and while they are unpaved, they would put many of the streets of Tacoma and Seattle to shame for their cleanliness.

But to us and I presume you, the most important work in Iquique is the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I wish I had the time and space to give you the history of the work, but I cannot now. Perhaps, a little later I may give you something of the sort, if this does not tire you so

that you never want any more. Of course we have a Spanish church of about 150 members if I remember correctly. This important work is well cared for by Rev. Robt. Elphick of the Chile Conference. I am safe in saying that the entire Puget Sound country does not contain a more consecrated and earnest, hardworking man than the pastor of the little Spanish church in Inquique. And he is well fitted for the place. A good student, speaking both English and Spanish fluently. Among the native ministry he easily stands at the head, taking rank at conference with our home missionaries when it comes to the important committees. Besides he is District Superintendent of the entire northern part of Chile. Next comes the English Methodist Church. For this work we have a hall with living rooms above which have been used as a parsonage by the pastor of the Spanish Church. At present there is no one in charge of the English work, principally because there is no money for such work. In the next place it is not nearly so important as the native work for there are so few Methodists who do not attend the Spanish services. More might be said, but this is sufficient.

Then last, but not least, is the Inquique English College. Now, just a word about the use of the word "college" in the Mission Lands. This word is used to denote any school from an intermediate grade to a University granting a Doctor's degree. This one here does work about equal to the average High School in the States. We have a large building capable of accommodating at least one hundred boys as boarders. Then the class rooms will take care of 150 day pupils in addition to the boarders. The grounds cover nearly two-thirds of a block and we have the largest "patio" (playground) of any college in Chile. The college is situated in the best residence part of Chile, although when it was built there was not a decent house within blocks of the present location. Furthermore, it is only about a block distant from the Pacific Ocean, and even while writing I can hear the roar of the surf. Then this block is occupied as a plaza (small park), so our view of the ocean can never be obstructed. We have two rooms, on the north side of the building, with a veranda extending their entire length. From this veranda the ocean is always in view. If it were not for the grand old ocean this city would be one of the most lonesome and forlorn places on the whole globe, for there is not a sign of vegetation to be seen anywhere except in these small places. As we look the other way from the college we can see nothing but barren hills, rising about 3,000 feet in the air.

The outlook for the year is very encouraging in many ways. The registration is equal to, if not better than last year at the same time, while the prospects for more students is even better. We are the only strictly English College in all Northern Chile. Many others claim to be English, but are only so in name, for about the only English spoken is that spoken in some class where they teach English much as French or German is taught

in the High Schools at home, and you know the ability of High School graduates to speak any foreign language. Here everything is English, except the regular classes in the Spanish language and some other work in the primary department. But on the other hand we are facing a debt of \$25,000, Chilean currency, equal to about \$5,200 in United States gold. The story would have been different if the Church in the States was living up to its responsibility. Because of lack of teachers we were compelled to close the girl's school just when the attendance was at its very best, and that before we were able to pay off the debt incurred in starting it. Then some of the teachers of the school asked to be transferred to other places and two went home without even waiting for the Board to send someone to take their place. It is impossible to run these schools unless they are manned by teachers from the States. The native teachers, as a rule, are very unsatisfactory, both as to knowledge and morals. Only this year we are reaping a very disagreeable harvest on account of the pernicious influence of some of the teachers hired on the grounds during the past two years. This year we do not intend to use any such help and if we get more boys than the present force can teach, someone in the States is going to get a very urgent invitation to come down here and help us, and if they do not come we will turn the key in the door and say, "No more boys. We have all we can teach and do justice to them." It is far better to teach 150 boys in a proper manner than to half teach 200.

Well, this letter is being spun out entirely too long, so with a personal word or two I'll close. There is scarcely a day passes but that we think of the "dear dead days beyond recall," and review the events of the four short years of college life. There is not a wall of our combined parlor and study but what has something on it to remind us of dear old Puget Sound. But the past we cannot recall and would not if we could for we feel that it was no foolish fancy which sent us here. Never were we more certain of anything than we are that the Master's voice spoke to us when we heard the call to the Southland. Pray for us that we may be given both the spiritual strength and the physical power necessary for this great and needy work. May the Lord's blessing rest richly upon both the Faculty and the Student Body of the University of Puget Sound is the sincere desire, wish and prayer of two former students.

Yours in the Master's service,

HARRY S. ALLEN, '09.



THE RELATION OF INDIVIDUAL TOTAL ABSTINENCE TO THE PROSPERITY OF THE NATION

Winning essay in Prize Essay Contest in U. P. S. and will compete for

\$30 Western Washington Prize.)

By Samuel Dupertius.

The Nation is an aggregation of individuals. It is a whole composed of many parts. As the quality of the parts determines the quality of the whole, so the quality of the individual indicates the character of the Nation. Nations exist for a purpose. Our beloved nation was called into being, that through its influence high ideals might be realized. We are engaged in a desperate conflict against ignorance and wrong. We are called to eradicate evils, disseminate learning, promote righteousness, refine society, develop our resources, and harness the forces of nature. It is a great task and the highest type of manhood is needed if these results are to be achieved. One of the greatest factors in the attainment of these ends is the principle and practice of individual total abstinence. Let us consider briefly the value of this to our national welfare.



A WEB OF LIFE CONCLUDED

When the kind neighbor had gone, Mrs. Eaton pondered long over her new problem. At last she went to her bed only to dream horrid dreams of her children as Mormons. The next morning she told Jack and Margaret of her discoveries.

"Now children," she said, as they started to school, "study your lessons well, but don't, oh, don't let any of this Mormon teaching lead you away."

"Never fear, mother," cried Margaret. "They can't harm us as long as we have you," and they trudged away as bravely as though on their way to war.

The years flew by quickly. Few knew of the hardships bravely endured in the Eaton household; how the mother saved every penny she could, that she might get her children away from this city; how they secretly attended a little Protestant church—not daring to go often, as they were under the eye of Mr. Stone. Then came the year of Jack's graduation from High School, and in his loyal young heart he planned to go west the following summer, make his fortune and then send for his mother and sister. He went to the minister whose church they had attended, and was given information concerning the new country to which he was going.

Mrs. Eaton felt that her mainstay was taken away when he went, and she was less able to withstand the overbearing manner of Mr. Stone.

The year passed, and glowing accounts came from Jack, telling how he had taken up a homestead in California, and hoped to be able to send for them in a short time, if all went well.

Meanwhile Mr. Stone was making rapid advances toward the culmination

of his plans. He had lost one of his recruits and had no wish to make another such a mistake.

One spring evening, he called at the Eaton home. In a very bland manner he began:

"Mrs. Eaton, I might as well tell you now, that it is my one desire to take your daughter Margaret as my wife."

He waved his hand as Mrs. Eaton tried to speak.

"Oh, I know what you would say—that I was imposing too great an honor upon you—that I had already done so much that you could never repay me."

Mrs. Eaton gasped, but could not find her voice. Margaret crept to her mother. Again came the proud words of the man:

"I know I have kept you from the poor house, and have enabled you to live as otherwise you could not do. But the only reward I ask is—"

"Brute, how dare you? You, who already have two wives to come and ask for my daughter. Are you blind? Can't you see we abhor your life and your customs? Reward? Yes, you'll get your reward for being as deceitful a man as ever made human beings suffer."

Mr. Stone paled. He had not looked for this outburst. He had supposed Mrs. Eaton to be a meek little creature. But give up? No, not he. He arose and said with a sneer,

"Well, madam, I'll give you a few days to retract your words. Then we'll come to an understanding."

With that he left and mother and daughter clung to each other weeping.

"Mother, what can we do?" cried Margaret.

"I'm sure he means every word he says, and no telling what means he'll take to accomplish his ends."

"There's only one thing to do," said the mother warmly, "and that is to get out of here as soon as we can. Goodness knows we've stood this too long already."

"But how, mother, and where to?"

"Oh, we'll go to Jack, whether he's ready for us or not. I'd rather live in a tent there than have plenty here."

"And I'd rather go out and help Jack with the clearing than to stay in this shameful place," cried Margaret stoutly.

"Well, the where's settled, but now the how. I'll go to Mrs. Ross; she has always been ready to help us, and I'm sure she can plan some way."

Accordingly Mrs. Eaton sought her neighbor.

All next day, mysterious planning was going on. Stealthily boxes were packed, and all was made ready. They only waited until night should fall to shield them in their flight.

Fortune favored them that night. A grand ball was given in the Stone mansion, and Mr. Ross and his favorite wife were in attendance. Therefore, no one noticed Harry as he silently stole into the stable at the Ross mansion, hitched the pair in the carriage, and drove to the Eaton home.

Never will they forget that fierce, swift drive to Ogden. Mile after mile they tore over the road, for good time must be made so that Harry could get home before daylight. At the halfway station, they changed the steaming horses for a fresh pair, and the race went madly on. They reached Ogden with thankful hearts, for so far there project had gone well.

Bidding Harry Godspeed, mother and daughter boarded the night train and were soon being whirled westward.

But what of Mr. Stone and his plans? The following afternoon he made his way to the cottage for the understanding, as he was pleased to call it. Unsuspectingly he went up the walk and rapped several times. Only an ominous silence greeted him. Feeling that something was wrong he turned the knob, and looked in. There was the dismantled room, showing evidences of a hasty departure. As one dazed he walked through the deserted rooms, and with the growing conviction that he had met his match. He clenched his fist and hissed, "she shall pay for this if I find her." Suddenly his hands fell limp at his sides. But where should he seek her? Who among his friends would be apt to know, and who else would tell him? He hastily quitted the house and began an inquiry which lasted for days. But all the evidence that could be obtained was from Mr. Ross' hostler, who volunteered the information that the morning after their flight, when he went to do his chores, he found his master's favorite pair white with froth and completely worn out.

Meanwhile our friends sped westward. Their terrible anxiety gone, they had begun to wonder if they could find Jack, and if they did, would he be pleased? After what seemed to them an age, they arrived at Pineville station, where Jack got his mail. As they stepped out onto the platform they spied a tall, good natured young rancher, who eyed them curiously, for women were almost unknown in these parts. Timidly Mrs. Eaton accosted him.

"Can you tell me, please, how we can get to Jack Eaton's ranch?"

"Jack Eaton, you say? Why, bless my soul! I didn't know he expected callers."

On being told that they were his mother and sister, he shook them by the hand as if they were old acquaintances.

"Why, to be sure I can. Jack and I are neighbors. I miss my guess if I don't take him the best present he ever had."

Soon he brought around the buckboard, and off they started.

Toward evening they descried a hut in the distance, and their new friend

informed them that that was Jack's. Their hearts beat like trip-hammers. Oh, such an agony of suspense those last few moments were. The shack was reached; they saw that the door was shut, so they alighted quickly, planning to run in and take him by storm. But suddenly there came a rush like a cyclone, and—

“Mother! Margaret!” and they were enfolded in an ironlike clasp.

Then followed hurried questions, and incoherent explanations. Then suddenly—

“Jim, did you send my telegram?”

“Why, no, I was waiting to see the train come in, and when it did, and I found I was privileged to deliver the goods right to your door, I thought there was no need.”

“Sure there wasn't. But, oh, mother, you must know! Our homestead is found to be rich in gold. I was just sending for you, and now you are here. Its too good to be true.”

“My son, God is good and at last we have found a haven of rest.” Overcome with joy almost as though it were grief, Mrs. Eaton leaned on her daughter and son, and they turned to the house.

Feeling that his services were no longer needed, Jim drove home, and later, the big round moon, peering into the little room saw such a peaceful, happy family that he smiled benignly as he traveled on his solitary way.

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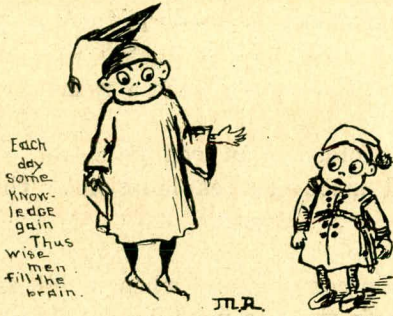
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ALUMNI NOTES

The friends of Mr. Warren Cuddy are pleased to watch his rapid avia-
tion in the commercial world since
leaving his Alma Mater, and are
highly gratified at his recent pro-
motion to general manager of Rhodes
Brothers Department Store in Taco-
ma, succeeding Mr. C. W. Rhodes in
that position. Mr. Cuddy's eleva-
tion has been phenomenal.

Mr. Cuddy graduated from the
University Academy in 1904 and re-
ceived the degree of Bachelor of
Science from the College of Liberal
Arts in 1908. Throughout his whole
course he worked his way, beginning
his career as a carrier of the Ledger
and News. In 1905 he entered the

employ of Rhodes Brothers as a Sat-
urday clerk in the Gents' Furnishing
Department. At the time of his
graduation in '08 he held the position
of Advertising Manager, and about
a year ago was advanced to Merchan-
dise Manager. His present high po-
sition as General Manager, comes as
a logical, but remarkable advance.

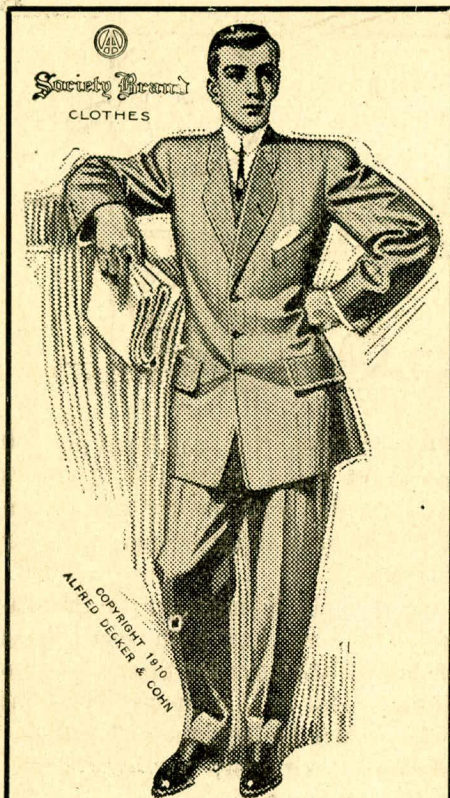
In the University Mr. Cuddy was
a member of the H. C. S. society, and
was particularly interested in ora-
tory and debate, in which he won
many collegiate and inter-collegiate
honors.

He is the son of Rev. G. L. Cuddy,
pastor of the Fowler Methodist
church of Tacoma.

Mr. Cuddy is certainly to be con-
gratulated for the credit he is re-
flecting upon himself and his Alma
Mater. He is living up to the motto
of the '08's, as expressed in their
class yell:

We never will stop, stop, stop;
Till we get to the top, top, top;
We'll get there, get there, sure as
fate;
For we are the class of nineteen
eight.





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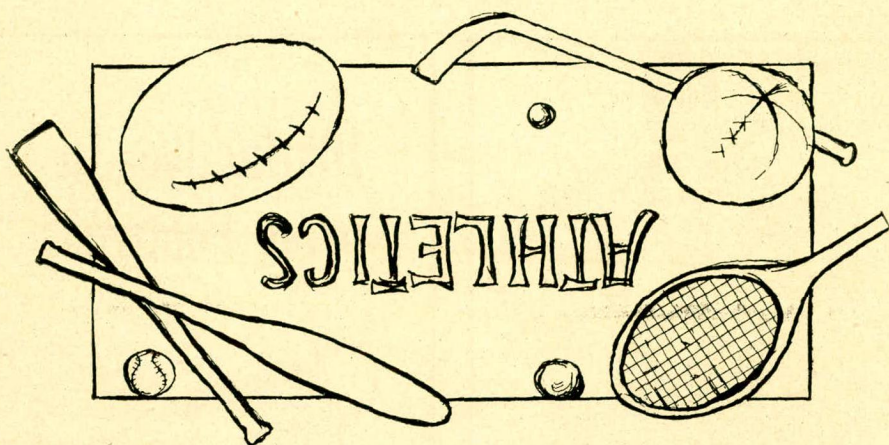
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ATHLETICS

In the world of athletics as in the world of business, there are many tricks and means whereby to conquer. Our basketball season is over and the time for baseball, tennis and **marbles** has come,

Among the schemers and planners for the good and advancement of student activities are those who desire to see our athletics on a firm business basis. Accordingly a baseball stock company has been formed by the management of baseball. The shares, valued at 75 cents each, have been sold to the students and faculty. No one was permitted to invest in less than four shares. By this means the needed money for equipment has been raised; prospects have been brightened and the future seems to be beckoning us on to victory.

Mr. Case, the new captain, prophesies results if the students will but co-operate, not only with their money but also with their time. "This includes girls as well as boys," says

Captain Case, "because I can play 50 per cent better when the bleachers are crowded with beauty, than when they are none to inspire us to do our best."

Russ Hall, ex-manager of the Tacoma Tigers, has been secured as coach for the boys for this season; so it is evident in this quarter also that we will not be lacking.

Just a little ginger,

Work with a vim,

Play the game from start to finish
And victory you will win.

Track is now not to be forgotten, and although our materials are few as yet, the few backed by a determined zest, are bound to accomplish great things.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

This branch of the school was glad that so many of its members were able to attend the Laymen's Missionary Convention, held in Tacoma during the last month. The entire work will be stimulated by what was gathered at that meeting. No relig-

ious organization is indeed closer in touch with the missionary work than the Y. M. C. A.

Work for the summer conference is on, and again the spirit of the work is paramount in the mind of every fellow who attended conference last year at Columbia Beach. We are planning to see twenty men there again this summer. Going to Columbia Beach may seem to some a luxury but not with several men in the institution who are able to trace their vision of their life work to the influence of things heard at such conferences. The religious life of our school can be traced in a goodly measure to such influences.

New officers are elected now and are planning their work for the coming year for our Y. M. C. A. Mr. Scott, President; Mr. Metcalf, Vice President; Mr. Jamison, Treasurer, and Mr. Klebe, Secretary. Our best support will be given them for the coming year as well as the balance of

this year.

WORK OF THE Y. W. C. A.

The past month has been a very profitable one to the members of the Y. W. C. A., as special topics have been used for our meetings, in which many helpful suggestions have been made to help us in our daily work.

The following topics were given: "Missions," by Miss Scheyer; "My Possible Self," by Hazel Allen; "The Potter's Wheel," by Miss Hamilton; "Cheerfulness and Praise," by Miss Wright, and a special Easter program led by Miss Druse, which was very inspiring. Special music was rendered at this meeting.

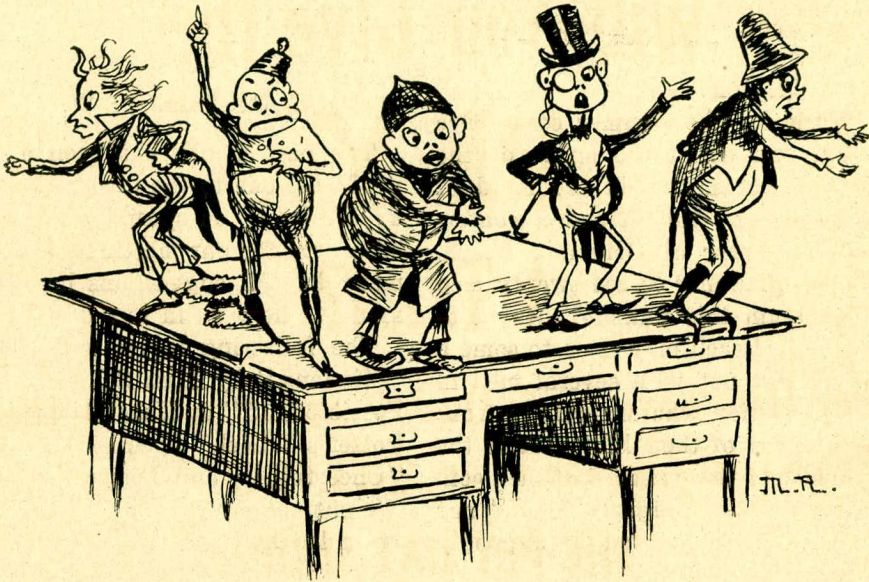
Many of the girls are looking forward to a grand meeting of Y. W. C. A.'s at the Breakers in July.

A large number of the Y. W. C. A. girls attended the "Student Volunteer" convention held at Whitworth College March 17-18-19.

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ORATORY.

The Academy declamation contest, held in the Chapel February 18, was well patronized, enough money being realized to pay the prize money and defray all incidental expenses. This contest has always been self-supporting, probably because everyone enjoys good readings. The contestants all did excellent work, the markings of the judges being close. Beulah Mirise won the first prize of fifteen dollars. Her selection was entitled "The Little God and Dickey." Miss Ruth Carr gave "Bobby Shaftoe," and tied for second place with Daniel Dupertuis in "The Defense of the Bride," dividing the second

and third prizes of \$10 and \$5. The judges were Miss Paula Frahm, of Annie Wright Seminary, and Miss Celia Burgess and Prof. Daniels, of the High School.

Prof. Knox spent the Easter vacation giving recitals in Eastern Washington. He reports large crowds everywhere.

Fred Pflaum, of the Senior Class, made a trip into the northern part of the State recently, giving entertainments in several towns there.

Chas. W. Blanpied, '10, goes to Seattle April 22, to compete in the State prohibition oratorical contest, where we expect him to carry off the honors and make still more glorious the record of our school.

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1.

OUR NATIONAL HEALTH

Keeping in mind that the whole is of like quality with its parts, we see at once that the health of our nation depends upon the health of its individuals. Health is, next to moral excellence, our greatest asset. A healthy body contributes to a vigorous mind, a bright disposition, buoyancy of spirit and vibrant energy in every field of endeavor. Benjamin Franklin said, "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the nation, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence to the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution." "I have four good reasons," says Guthrie for being an abstainer—"My head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."

It is shown by reliable statistics that the average total abstainer is healthier in body, has more physical endurance, is better insured from disease than even the moderate drinker of alcoholic liquors. And, too, he lives longer, and of course excels by far, the immoderate drinker. In this strenuous age the question of fatigue is becoming a serious one, so serious in fact, that the Committee of One Hundred, appointed by our Government to investigate our national vitality, in its report devotes one entire chapter to that subject. If **one** person is much fatigued and thereby partially incapacitated for work, it seems of small import, but if a nation is fatigued how fabulously great is the disaster. They report that fatigue is very prevalent, that it permeates our nation, that many, especially among the laboring classes, never know what it is to be well rested, and that the consequent loss to our country is prodigious. There are many causes for this fatigue, and one of the most prevalent is the use of alcohol. To quote from this report: "Of all poisons in ordinary use, alcohol and tobacco are the most common. That alcohol increases fatigue is now commonly recognized by athletes. Alcohol gives no persistent increase of muscular power. It is well understood by all who control large bodies of men engaged in physical labor, that alcohol and effective work are incompatible." Careful experiments with alcohol in relation to fatigue have been reported by Rivers, who shows that alcohol diminishes the capacity for exertion. Experiments carried on by Professor Aschaffenburg with four typesetters, all users of alcohol, showed that on days when Greek wine, containing eighteen per cent alcohol, was given the men, there was considerable diminution of the capacity for work. On alcohol days two of the men did decidedly less work, while the work of the remaining two was marked by great irregularity."

It has been successfully demonstrated that fatigue is due to "fatigue poison" in the blood. Some of this poisoning we cannot prevent, but some we can, and we may reduce fatigue in the nation by keeping out of our system one poison, namely, alcohol. And it is easy to see that to prevent

fatigue is to increase our national health, for fatigue contributes to disease. A body that is "run down is more susceptible to disease than a well rested body.

It is surprising to learn that in our country there are continually three million persons who are ill. One million and a half die annually, and it is estimated that for each death there about two years of sickness. Now, a great deal of this sickness is preventable. Some is due to insanitation, some to improper hygiene, and a great deal to alcohol. Some diseases are the direct result of alcohol, and nearly all, if not all, are aggravated by it, in that it weakens the resisting power of the blood. "It lowers the resistance of the white corpuscles which are the natural defenders of the body. Although the phagocytes belong to the most resistant elements of our body, yet it is not safe to count on their insensibility toward poisons. It is well known that persons who indulge too freely show far less resistance to infectious diseases than abstemious individuals." (Report of Committee of One Hundred, page 88.) In pneumonia for instance, while the existing cause is the germ of pneumonia, a predisposing cause is often acute or chronic alcoholism.

It is agreed that these results follow the **excessive** use of alcohol and that the moderate drinker does not suffer. We answer that while it is true that he does not suffer as much, yet, even the moderate use of alcohol is injurious, as for instance, in the case of the typesetters referred to. And, all things being equal, the abstinent man is safer from disease than even the occasional tippler. Scientists are recognizing this fact, and it is interesting to note the change which has come about in the attitude of scientists toward alcohol. From having enjoyed a high place in materia medica, it is in danger of being completely discredited. It is clear, beyond all question, that in any except minute quantities it is injurious; and it is a matter of debate among leading scientists, whether even the minute quantity be not injurious. The weight of evidence is clearly on the side of total abstinence as contributory to our national health.

Not only does total abstinence contribute to our health; it also conduces to longevity of life. A system which is well equipped to combat disease is able, therefore, to ward off death more effectively. The death rate among alcohol drinkers is greater than among abstemious. It is well known that some leading insurance companies will not insure saloon keepers and other companies charge them a very high rate. The figures of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, show that abstainers have a death rate twenty-three per cent lower than non-abstainers.

Putting these facts together, the amount of sickness, the number of deaths, the death rate which obtains (about 15.5 per 1000)—and remembering that a great deal of this is due, in whole or in part, to alcohol, and that

much could be prevented through the practice of total abstinence, we get some idea of the vital relation this wholesome practice bears to the prosperity of our nation. All things being equal, the healthier the nation the greater its wealth. Health is wealth.

OUR NATIONAL WEALTH

Closely allied to our health is our wealth, and our wealth is largely the product of energy, whether moral, mental or physical. If we were **all** sick we would, as a nation, be steeped in poverty, in spite of the fact that our natural resources are inconceivably great. If energy is so great a factor in our wealth, and total abstinence conserves energy, it follows that total abstinence bears a vital relation to our national wealth. As we have already seen, a man can do more work if he is free from alcohol. "One of the most interesting features of the cycling sport, when long tours were the fashion a few years ago, was the fact that the wayside seller of drinks found himself forced to supply chiefly 'temperance drinks.' The cyclists discovered that they could not make their 'century runs' on alcoholic beverages. Two friends report that they stopped for refreshments and drank beer. Resuming their ride they found it hard to propel the machine, and both imagined some obstruction had lodged in the gears. Only after dismounting and satisfying themselves to the contrary did they come to the conclusion, whether rightly or wrongly, that the resistance was in their own legs and was due to the beer. (Report of Committee of One Hundred, page 41.)

Since alcohol is so great a destroyer of physical energy what a great **conservator** of energy total abstinence is! To the degree that energy is destroyed, is the production of wealth diminished. More capacity for work means more work on the farm, more land cleared, the forests, the fisheries, the manufactures, it secures greater efficiency in the trades and in the professions. A larger output from the farm, the mine, the forests and every source of production necessarily contributes to a larger commerce. The railroads and steamships have a correspondingly greater business, which requires in turn more employees, more rolling stock or ships, more fuel, more material for maintenance and construction. We therefore see that through the natural relations of human life and needs, the production of wealth increases by leaps and bounds.

Again, not only does physical prowess produce wealth, but mental energy is also an inconceivably great factor. Especially is this true in our present civilization, with our multitudinous inventions and our almost unlimited machinery. The wealth produced by the brain is fabulous. Alcohol weakens the mental powers, total abstinence conserves them. This is recog-

nized throughout the industrial world. Railroad companies will not employ in responsible positions, men who drink alcohol, bankers, merchants, and business men do not want them either. They prefer the abstainer. Even in sawmills, logging camps and on the railroad, a non-user of alcohol is preferred.

This is true as well in the professional world. The lawyer who is wise, keeps himself free from alcohol; for he knows that a clear brain is essential to success; and success is wealth; failure is poverty. Physicians contribute to wealth through their conservation of health and life, and in their ranks the use of alcohol is condemned as rendering them unfit for the best possible work. The great Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, gives this testimony: "I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brain being clear, my muscles firm, my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers which I must keep always on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink."

Total abstinence vitally concerns our wealth in that by keeping the brain clear it **conserves** the wealth. How many accidents occur; how many lives are lost; how much property is destroyed every year through the carelessness, the mistake or the incompetence of somebody under the influence of intoxicants, all of which would be prevented if liquor were not used.

Again, our wealth is increased by total abstinence because the abstainer, enjoying better health, eats more, consumes more; being generally more industrious, he builds finer houses, furnishes his home better, spends more for the comfort of his family, thereby increasing commerce and augmenting wealth. It is to be remembered also that an enormous amount of wealth is lost through the idleness incident to illness; through doctor's bills, medicines; through the maintenance of poor houses, various asylums, and charitable institutions; though the support of police forces, prisons, courts of justice and so on—all of which are greatly increased through the use of alcohol.

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Of greater importance to the prosperity of our nation than either health or wealth is the moral quality of our society. It is possible to be healthy and wealthy, and yet be lacking in moral tone; and this would be a deplorable condition. Alcohol dulls the finer senses of man, clouds his ideals, benumbs his conscience, and coarsens his behavior. Society is pure and refined to the degree that its individual units are possessed of these qualities. With his better self dwarfed by alcohol a man cannot be his best as a citizen. First of all, then, the user of alcohol is despoiled of his finer qualities, and therefore suffers irretrievable loss. But, since he is a unit in society, his own loss becomes a loss to society; and in the aggregate of individuals this loss is very great. How can the drunkard contribute morally to society? How can he be keenly interested in education and religion, the greatest civilizing forces we have? Even the moderate drinker cannot come to the full measure of his possibilities for good; for feeling in his heart that being a user of alcohol he is allied to that traffic, he is not likely to throw his whole force on the side of the highest ideals. Men who are experienced reformers know full well how unreliable moderate drinkers are in a moral issue. They may give assent to the argument, and even promise to vote for the right, and when at the polls, as if influenced by some unseen power, will vote for the wrong. There is a "tie that binds," but it is **cursed** "be the tie that binds." The user of alcohol is not free.

Again, the intemperate man is, **because of his habit**, thrown into unwholesome associations; and a man is not at his best as a citizen, who frequents immoral company and gives assent to it. How can a person who has spent the evening with undesirable companions come home to his family and convey to them moral support? This appeals even to the moderate drinker; for he can not well prevent being thrown into undesirable surroundings against which he cannot well protest, **because he drinks**.

Then, from the standpoint of heredity, what unmeasurable evils are inflicted upon posterity by alcohol in idiocy, abnormality, deformity, viciousness, and unholy appetite. A committee of fifty, under the direction of Professor Henry W. Farnam of Yale University, estimates that liquor is a first cause in thirty-one per cent of the crimes and that it enters as a cause, either directly or indirectly, in fifty per cent. All this would be avoided if all men were total abstainers. The very foundation of our nation is imperiled by the use of alcohol even in moderation.

The practice of total abstinence keeps one out of bad company, strengthens his moral nature, makes him inherently more divine, and therefore makes that subtle, but powerful influence—the personality—a dispenser of virtue

for the upbuilding of society. It is obvious that the prosperity of our nation in its health, its wealth, its society, and the multitudinousness of its inter-relations is most vitally affected for good by individual total abstinence; and may the day be hastened when all our citizens will be free from this fateful drug—alcohol; when from coast to coast the cry of mothers, sisters, wives and children, its unhappy victims, will not be heard; when drunkard's graves will not be filled; when manhood and womanhood will not be robbed of its divinity; when beneath the folds of our glorious flag, then stainless, peace and unparalleled prosperity will reign, and our happy nation will sing in unision:

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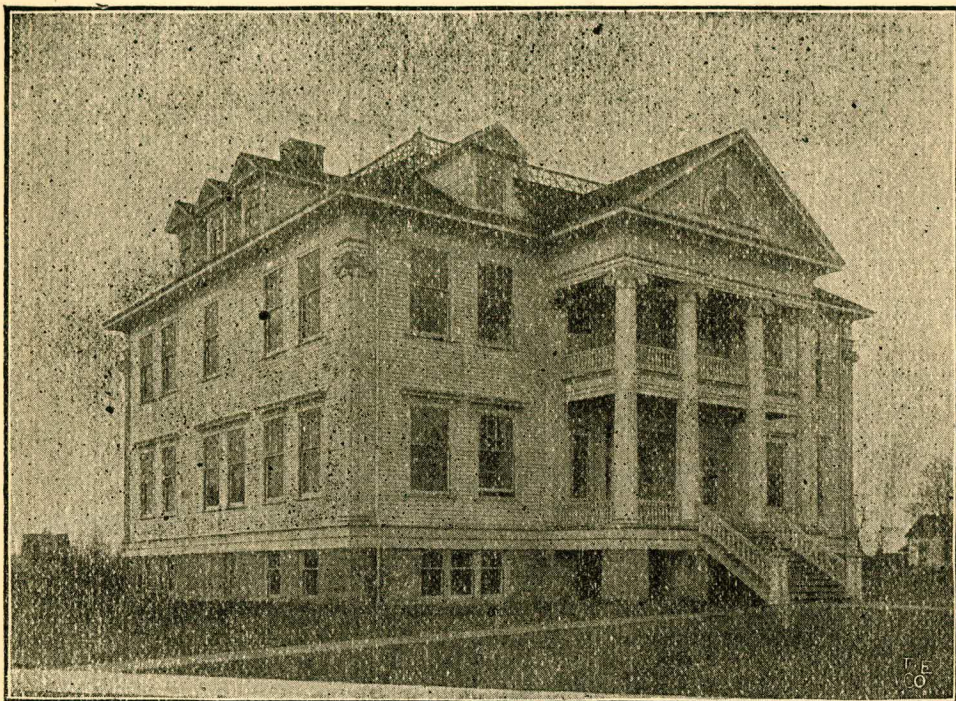
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